

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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The Magic
Wishing Well
Inside
on page 12



ALICE in WONDERLAND



1. Alice wondered how she could get through the tiny door and into the garden on the other side of it, so she went back to the glass table. On it she found a bottle, which certainly was not there before.



2. Around the bottle was a label with the words DRINK ME in large letters. Alice drank some and it had a nice mixed flavour of cherry tart, pineapple and hot toast.



3. "What a curious feeling," said Alice soon after. "I must be shutting up like a telescope." So it was indeed. She was now only a few inches high and just the right size for going through the door into the garden.



4. But, alas, for poor Alice. When she got to the tiny door she had forgotten the golden key that would open it. And when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it. "Oh dear, how silly of me to put it back on the table," she murmured.



5. She tried her best to climb up one of the table-legs but it was too slippery. When she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.



6. Crying was no use, so Alice looked around and found a cake under the table. EAT ME, it said in currants, so Alice took a big bite and next moment she started opening out like the biggest telescope ever!





7. "Curiouser and curiouser," thought Alice. "Goodbye, my feet!" For when she looked down they seemed to be almost out of sight. "Oh, my poor feet, I wonder who will put your shoes on for you now?" she said. Then her head hit the roof.



8. Now she seemed to be miles taller than the glass table, but at least she could reach down and take the golden key from off the top of it. "I must be careful what I drink or eat in future," thought Alice to herself. "But now to open that little garden door."



9. This she did, but it was no use. She could hardly get a couple of fingers through the tiny opening, let alone her head and shoulders. "How queer everything is today," she said.

10. Crouching down and putting her head level with the door, Alice was able to look through into the garden with one eye, but the rest was hopeless. (See what happens to her next week.)



BUDDLEIA

Found growing wild in North Asia, South America, and South Africa, the Buddleia is the quickest shrub to flower from seed. If they are sown in February or March, seven or eight months later will see them in flower. The name of this beautiful flowering shrub was given in memory of an Essex vicar, the Rev. Adam Buddle, whose collection of dried plants is kept in the British Museum, in London. Apart from the mauve and purple blossomed shrub we show you in the picture above, there are other kinds of Buddleia. The Chinese variety is called the Weeping Willow Buddleia, and another that grows in Chile and Peru is called the Orange Ball Tree.



LABURNUM

Laburnum, shown in the above picture, must be one of the prettiest flowering shrubs in Britain. The delicate, drooping, bright yellow blossom, gives it the appearance of a fountain playing golden rainwater. It grows in almost any soil and can be found in many parts of Central Europe. It was brought to England at the end of the seventeenth century and became very fashionable in the gardens of that time. We call it a flowering shrub, but when it is fully grown, it is more like a tree, many reaching a height of fifteen to twenty feet. The bark of the young bush is very smooth, but as the tree ages, it becomes creased with lines and pieces of bark peel off.



Flowering Shrubs



WEIGELA, or DIERVILLA

Although the proper name for the flowering shrub seen above is Weigela, the name more often used is Diervilla. The shrub gets its name from a French doctor called Dierville, who travelled in Canada about three hundred years ago. He brought the shrub back with him to grow in the gardens of Europe, and it became very popular. The hardly Diervilla, with its pretty pink, crimson and white flowers, is usually planted between November and early March, when the ground is not too wet. Blooming in May and June, it grows to a height of around six feet, and should be planted in sunny places in a garden. There are twelve known varieties.

PLUMBAGO

A sun-loving plant is the Ceratostigma, often called Plumbago. It comes from China, Central Africa, and India, and grows from nine inches to four feet in height. The smaller shrub is often seen in rockeries and in flower borders, but both big and small shrubs grow best in well-drained soil. It flowers in late summer through to the autumn, when the leaves turn an attractive bronze red colour. You may be interested to know that the name, Ceratostigma comes from a Greek word—Keras, meaning horn, the inside of the plant being a horned shape. The shrub in the above picture is that found in England, but the best shrubs come from China.

BRER RABBIT

This week . . . Brer Rabbit and Jack Sparrow.

ONE day, Brer Rabbit was lying in the woods, gazing up at the sky and talking to himself. "I can always get the better of silly old Brer Fox. He's so silly, he doesn't know which end his tail is, he doesn't. I'm going to show everyone that I am the master of Brer Fox."

Now little Jack Sparrow happened to be sitting up in a tree, just above Brer Rabbit and he had heard what Brer Rabbit said.

"I heard you, Brer Rabbit, I heard you," twittered Jack Sparrow. "I'm going to tell Brer Fox, Brer Rabbit."

With that, little Jack Sparrow flew away.

Now it was one thing for Brer Rabbit to plan to outwit Brer Fox, but it was another thing for Brer Fox to be told what was going to happen. Brer Rabbit knew that when Brer Fox heard what the sparrow had to tell him, he would be just as mad as could be and he would try his hardest to think of some harm he could do to Brer Rabbit first.

Brer Rabbit felt just a little bit frightened so he decided he'd better think of something to do quickly. "The one who talks to Brer Fox first is the one he's most likely to believe," said Brer Rabbit to himself. "So I'd better see that I get to him first."

Having decided that, Brer Rabbit picked himself up and set off home. He hadn't gone very far, when who should he see coming towards him but Brer Fox.

Brer Rabbit stopped. "What's all this I hear about you, and me, Brer Fox?" he asked. "I hear you're planning to drive me away from here and my family as well."

Brer Fox was very angry when he heard this. "I've never planned any such thing, Brer Rabbit," he said. "Who's been telling you tales like that?"

Well, of course, that naughty rabbit pretended he just couldn't tell Brer Fox, because it wouldn't be fair, but Brer Fox asked and asked, until at last Brer Rabbit pretended to give in.

"Since you're so mad about it, Brer Fox," he said, "I suppose I'd better tell you. I heard Jack Sparrow say it."

Brer Fox looked very surprised. "I don't know why Jack Sparrow has to go spreading tales like that, indeed I don't, Brer Rabbit," he said. Then Brer Fox said he'd better be getting along and Brer Rabbit said it was time he was getting home himself and off they went.

Now, Brer Fox hadn't gone very far before Jack Sparrow flew down and settled on a bush at the side of the road.

"Brer Fox," chirped Jack Sparrow. "I have something to tell you."

But Brer Fox pretended he hadn't noticed little Jack Sparrow and lay down on the ground, just as though he were preparing to take a nap. Little Jack Sparrow flew down too, and settled on the ground.

"I've got something to tell you, Brer Fox, if you'll only listen," chirped that tattling bird.

"Jump on my tail, little Jack Sparrow," said Brer Fox. "For I'm deaf in one ear and I can't hear in the other."



The little bird hopped on to his tail "Now listen to what I have to tell you, Brer Fox," he twittered, but Brer Fox said, "Hop on to my foot, little Jack Sparrow, for I'm deaf in one ear and can't hear in the other."

Jack Sparrow did this and cocked his head on one side. But artful Brer Fox said, "Oh, you'd better come a bit closer, little Jack Sparrow. Hop on to my knee, for I'm deaf in one ear and can't hear in the other."

The little bird hopped on to his knee. "Now listen to what I have to tell you, Brer Fox," he chirped, but Brer Fox said, "Hop on to my head, little Jack Sparrow, for I'm deaf in one ear and I can't hear in the other."

Jack Sparrow hopped on to Brer Fox's head and he was just about to speak, when Brer Fox sighed, "Hop on to my teeth, for I'm deaf in one ear and I can't hear in the other."

Now while all this was going on, Brer Rabbit had followed Brer Fox and was now watching the whole scene from behind some bushes. He knew that Brer Fox would try to catch Jack Sparrow, and although the bird had been a tell-tale, he didn't want Brer Fox to eat him up. So just as Jack Sparrow hopped on to Brer Fox's teeth, Brer Rabbit yelled, "Fly away, Jack Sparrow."

Fluttering his wings wildly, Jack Sparrow flew out of Brer Fox's mouth, just before it shut with a snap.

As Jack Sparrow flew over Brer Rabbit, he thanked him for saving his life.

"Next time, I may not be around to warn you," called Brer Rabbit. "So I hope you've learnt your lesson. No good ever comes to tittle-tattlers."

Another story of Brer Rabbit and his friends next week.

3 LOVELY NEW ANNUALS ON SALE NOW!

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96 pages, all in full colour... a beautiful annual, with fairy stories, Brer Rabbit tales and adventures of the Town Mouse and Country Mouse. There are also pages of the Wise Old Owl, who knows all the answers to puzzling questions and tells you the answers in a way that makes learning a joy. It is an annual not to be missed.

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BRER RABBIT'S RIDDLES

1. Why should a coat which is too big remind you of the names of two French cities?
2. When is a boat like a knife?
3. What is it that goes up and down yet never moves?

ANSWERS:

1. Because it is too long (Toulon) and too loose (Toulouse).
2. When it is a cutter.
3. A mountain.

YOUR EDITOR'S LETTER

Dear Boys and Girls,

As I have not written to you for some time, I thought I would write a letter especially for my readers.

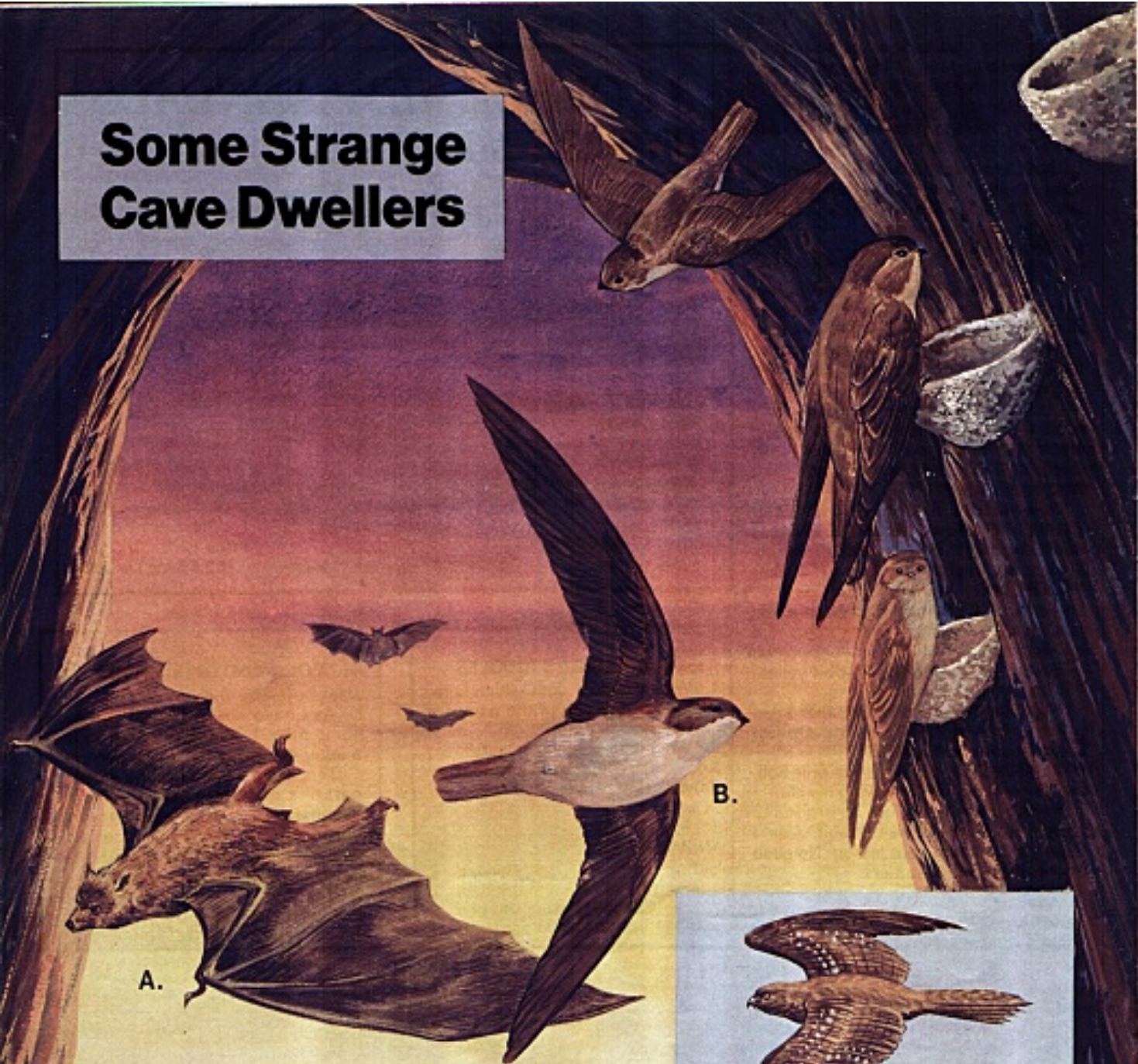
This week's issue has the second part of a new story called, Alice in Wonderland. It is a very exciting tale and I do hope that you will enjoy reading it and the many other stories and features in Once Upon A Time.

From your friend,

The Editor.



Some Strange Cave Dwellers



A.

B.



C.



D.

A cave is the home of many birds and animals. On this page, we have listed just a few of these creatures.

A. The Fruit Bat has a very large wingspan, and sleeps upside-down in caves and trees.

B. Found in Indo-Australian regions and the Pacific Islands, the Cave Swiftlets make their nests entirely out of saliva.

C. Sleeping in caves in the daytime and feeding at night, the remarkable

Oilbird can also fly in the dark without bumping into anything.

D. The Blind Well-Shrimp lives in the caves of Czechoslovakia.

E. There are more than 24 species of blind fish, and the one we show you is called a Blind Cave Characin. It is found in caves in Mexico.



D.



E.

This is
When you
story, turn
see if you
questions



The War of the Roses

This is a Memory Test. When you have read this story, turn to page 16 and see if you can answer some questions about it.

An argument between the Duke of York, a relation to King Henry the Sixth, and the Duke of Somerset, also the king's relation, coming from the House of Lancaster, led to The War of the Roses.

In the middle of the quarrel, the Duke of Somerset picked a red rose from a nearby bush, and said, "Let those who are of my party, wear my flower." The Duke of York then picked a

white rose and said the same.

Their followers soon copied the example of their leaders; the Lancastrians fighting on the side of the king who made the Duke of Lancaster his chief adviser; and the Yorkists fighting under the leadership of the Duke of York.

At the first battle of the war, which took place at St. Albans in May, 1455, the Lancastrians were defeated by the Yorkists.

The Miller and the Water-Sprite

WHEN a bear-trainer and his bear arrived at the old mill and asked for a bed for the night, the miller was only too delighted to welcome them in. "I'll be glad of your company," he told the bear-trainer. "I live alone here except for a horrid water-sprite who uses my house as though it were his own. He is such a nuisance that my wife and servants will not stay and have left me."

"Don't worry," the bear-trainer told him. "My bear has strong paws and can soon deal with a water-sprite."

So it was arranged. The bear-trainer and his bear went to bed for the night and so did the miller, who felt much happier than he had been for days.

He slept well, but next morning when he went down into the kitchen to get breakfast, the miller gave a groan of despair. For there sat the ugly water-sprite, huddled over the fire, cooking some fish. Four grilled fish were on the hearth beside him and he was cooking the fifth over the fire. As the miller came in, the water-sprite turned and grinned at him. "Good morning," he said.



Just then the trainer came in with his bear and both were mighty hungry.

"Look, Bruin—breakfast!" said the trainer, and he pointed to the tempting-looking fish.

The hungry bear shuffled to the fire and sniffed the fish. Then it picked one up and gobbled it greedily. When this was eaten it picked up a second and gobbled it down, but as it stretched out a paw to take a third, the water-sprite rushed at it, shouting and waving his fists in a very angry manner.

The bear did not move. It lifted one great paw and gave the water-sprite a powerful blow on the head which made his ears ring.

At this the water-sprite turned and fled from the kitchen. Outside the mill he gave one startled glance back at the growling bear, then jumped back into the stream from which he had come.

"Well done, my friend," the miller said to the giant bear, which just grunted and went back to the fire, where it swiftly ate the other fish.

"I told you that my bear could make short work of any water-sprite," laughed the trainer.

Then he and the miller sat down and enjoyed a hearty breakfast. Afterwards, the trainer and the bear went on their way to join the circus in the next town.

"Thankyou for what you did," the miller called after them. "The way you dealt with and got rid of that ugly old water-sprite was just wonderful to watch."

"Oh, it was nothing really," replied the trainer. "It was kind of you to give us shelter and food. I hope that you have seen the last of that water-sprite," he added, as he waved goodbye to the happy miller.

The day went by without the miller seeing a sign of the water-sprite and before he went to bed he did a dance for joy around the kitchen.

Next day there was no water-sprite, either. Nor on the following day did he put in an appearance.

This went on for a whole week until the miller became convinced that he would never see the water-sprite again. Each day he grew more cheerful and decided that it was time to ask his wife and the servants to return to the mill and live happily as they had done in the past.

"I'll take tomorrow off from work and go to visit them and arrange everything," he chuckled to himself. "I will have a big feast and we can make merry to celebrate the fact that the water-sprite has vanished for good."

But next morning, when the miller went into the kitchen to cook breakfast, he had a terrible shock.

There, sitting in front of the fire cooking his fish, was the water-sprite. He nodded and smiled at the miller.

"Good morning," he said. "Come in, good miller. There is room for us both in the kitchen."

The poor miller felt too miserable to reply. He just looked at the grinning water-sprite and groaned. And the water-sprite looked back at the miller just as though nothing had happened and continued to cook some fish at the fire.

Between the pair of them there was silence for several minutes, broken only by the sound of the water-sprite smacking his lips as he ate one of the tasty toasted fish.

"My-my, that was good," the water-sprite said. "By the way, Mr. Miller, where is that big pussy-cat of yours? It's several days since I saw it." He had mistaken the bear for a large cat.

Suddenly realising this, the miller had an idea.

"Oh, you mean the big cat?" he said. "Why, she has not gone far away, but I am not surprised you have not seen her. She has moved into my old barn to have some kittens. There are seven of



them and they are all sweet little things, just like their mother. They are only tiny at the moment, of course, but they will soon grow big."

The water-sprite turned quite pale with shock.

"She has seven little ones?" he exclaimed in alarm. "If they are all like their mother then I shall go away at once. Goodbye to you, miller."

He rushed out of the mill and sped away as fast as he could go, while the miller laughed and laughed.

Then the miller went to the village to tell his wife and servants that the water-sprite had gone for good. In fact the water-sprite was so scared that he was never seen again.

The Magic Wishing Well



1. Once, in a far-off land, there was a Wishing Well, deep within a wood. If anyone threw a gold coin into it and wished, the wish would come true. "I could wish for a better home for my father and me, if I had a gold coin," sighed a poor woodcutter's daughter.



2. Katya knew that she would only get a gold coin by working for it, so she took a job as a scullery maid in a big house for a whole year, at the end of which her mistress gave her one gold piece. Happily, Katya took it and set off on her journey to the Wishing Well.



3. Soon she passed a pedlar who cried, "And where are you going, pretty maiden?" "Why, to throw a gold piece into the Wishing Well," she answered. "Why not buy one of my jewelled combs instead?" said the pedlar, and he held up a comb decorated with bits of coloured glass.



4. But Katya knew she must save her gold piece for the Wishing Well. Walking on she came to a man making reed pipes. "Where are you going, pretty maiden?" he called. "I'm going to throw a gold coin into the Wishing Well, sir," she replied. "So please don't delay me."



5. The man said that she could have one of his enchanted pipes for the gold coin, but she shook her head and walked on. The third person she met was a ragged woman who sat outside the door of her poor cottage sighing, "Alas, I've no money to buy food for my many hungry children."



6. Without thinking twice, Katya gave the woman her gold piece which would buy food for many weeks. "Well," thought Katya, "there's no point in going on now, for I've no gold piece to throw in the Wishing Well." All the same, she went on, just so that she might look at it.



7. At the well, she remembered all that she had wanted to wish for, and she couldn't prevent a tear from falling. As it splashed into the well, it changed into pure gold. Quickly, Katya wished for a lovely house for her and her father, and enough money for the rest of their lives.



8. She hurried back through the wood, and there, in place of her humble home stood a fine, roomy house. Katya never knew why her tear-drop turned into gold so that her wish could be granted—but I know why, and I'll tell you the secret. It was simply because she had a heart of gold.



Beautiful Paintings

The title of our Beautiful Painting this week is "Pilgrims going to Church," and it was painted by G. H. Boughton. Pilgrim is the name given to a person who makes a journey to a sacred place, such as a Shrine or a Church. But the Pilgrims in this picture travelled much farther than most. They went, in fact, to start a new life in a country that was still wild and uncivilised. These people are called Puritans, and when they found that their religion was to be forbidden in

their own countries, they sailed to America during the seventeenth century. There they formed towns on the east coast and six states came into being that were, and still are, known as New England. If you look at an up-to-date map of the United States of America, you will see that there are many towns and cities with English town names in the areas around New York. Why don't you cut out this lovely picture and keep it in a scrap-book?

The Channel Islands

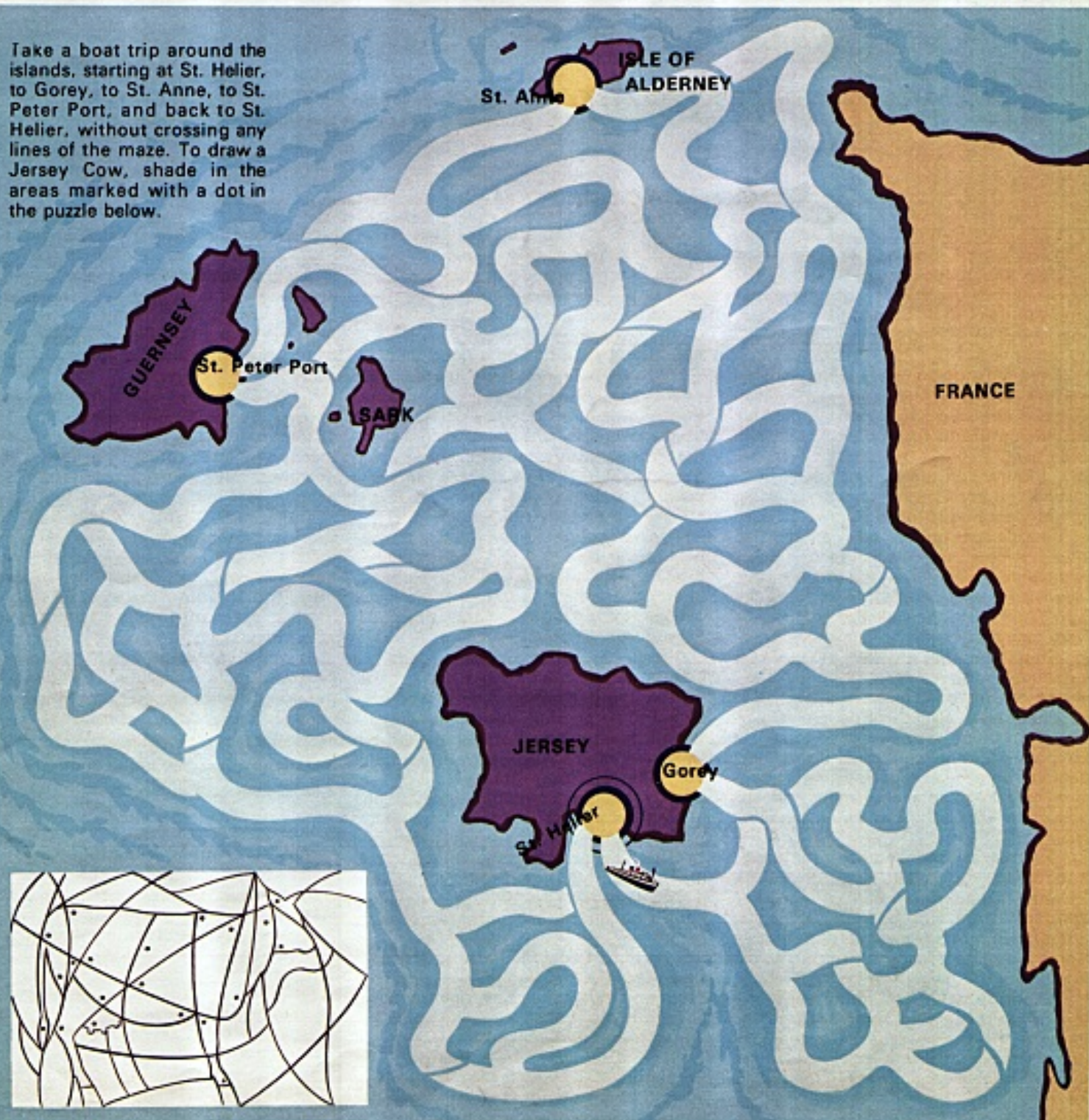
THE UNION JACK



Besides being a popular holiday resort, the Channel Islands, with their mild climate and rich soil make an ideal area for vegetable, flower and fruit growing. You may think that the islands should belong to France, as they are so close, but they do in fact belong to Great Britain.



Take a boat trip around the islands, starting at St. Helier, to Gorey, to St. Anne, to St. Peter Port, and back to St. Helier, without crossing any lines of the maze. To draw a Jersey Cow, shade in the areas marked with a dot in the puzzle below.





The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

This week . . . Stephanie's new hat gets rescued.

STEPHANIE, the town mouse, looked very grand. She had bought a new hat and it looked so nice that her boy-friend, Nigel, had bought her a new dress to go with it. Stephanie was wearing all her new things when Nigel arrived to take her out.

"We must go somewhere very special so that I can show off all my new things, Nigel," she said. "My new clothes are much too grand for a walk in our own little park."

"I know just the place," said Nigel. "We'll go to Blossom House, the big country estate just outside town. It used to be a palace, but nobody can afford to live in it now, so it's been turned into a museum. Today is the first day it's been open, so lots of people will be there, for sure. And everyone says the grounds are very beautiful."

Stephanie thought this was a very good idea so she got carefully into Nigel's motor car and off they went.

There were crowds of people at Blossom House and they all turned to look at Stephanie as she went past. It made her feel very pleased, especially as she saw one or two people she knew and she saw them look at her in a very admiring way.

There were plenty of things to see, too. There were lakes, with ducks and swans on them and little fountains. The gardens were full of rose trees and brightly-coloured flowers and there were some very fine peacocks strutting across the lawns.

"Tell me when you want a rest, old thing," said Nigel. "Then we will go and have tea in the restaurant. I hear that they serve a very fine meal and I have booked a table for us, right in the middle of the room, where everyone can see you."

"I think it's just a bit early yet," said Stephanie, who hadn't seen many people going into the restaurant. She wanted to wait until it was nearly full, so that there would be more people to admire her new clothes, for she liked being admired almost more than having a good meal.

"I think we'll just have another stroll down by the lake, to get a good appetite," she added, but she really wanted to go down by the lake because she thought she had seen Mrs. Topdrawer, her neighbour, down there and she wanted to make sure Mrs. Topdrawer saw her fine new clothes.

Now although it was a nice day, it was rather breezy and as they reached the lake an extra-strong breeze suddenly lifted Stephanie's new hat off her head, carried it over the lake, and dropped it down in the water.

"Eek," squeaked Stephanie, putting a paw up to her head. "My new hat!"

A young gentleman mouse, who happened to be passing, saw what had happened. He borrowed a fishing net from two small moles who were at the side of the lake catching tiddlers, and very quickly caught Stephanie's hat in the fishing net and brought it to the shore.

Stephanie was most upset when she saw it. "It's ruined," she wailed. "You may go and eat in that grand restaurant if you want to, Nigel, but I certainly shan't be seen there without my lovely hat."

"Perhaps I could help, Miss Mouse," said the unknown mouse very politely. Stephanie didn't see how anyone could help, but the mouse took her damp bedraggled hat and walked away.

"I wonder what he's doing?" said Stephanie, who was feeling inquisitive, in spite of feeling so cross. A few minutes later, the young mouse came back. In

his hand he held the most beautiful hat Stephanie had ever seen. It was covered in peacock feathers, which glowed green and blue and gold in the sunshine.

"It's beautiful," sighed Stephanie happily, as she put the hat on her head. Nigel agreed. "How did you do it?" she asked.

"Well, I noticed some fine peacocks in the grounds, so I just borrowed a few of their feathers," the young gentleman mouse replied. "You see I'm really a hat designer, but I've only just started, so I haven't sold many hats yet."

"You must come and have tea with us," said Stephanie. "We're just going for tea now. Everyone will see my new hat and I shall tell them that you trimmed it for me and I'm sure lots of my friends will want to buy hats from you when they see it."

It was a very good tea, but Stephanie was even more pleased when she saw all the admiring looks she got and the way her neighbour, Mrs. Topdrawer, looked enviously at her new hat.

Next week you can enjoy another story of the merry mice.

Here are some questions about the story "The War of the Roses" on page 9. To test your memory, see how many questions you can answer before turning back to check them.

1. What were the names of the two men who quarrelled?
2. What colour rose did the Duke of York pick?
3. When did the first battle take place?



The Fisherman and the Turtle



1. In Old Japan there once lived a fisherman named Ushima. One day, when on his way to his boat he came upon a large turtle lying helpless and upside-down on the beach. "Poor thing, let me help you," said Ushima, turning it over.



2. The grateful turtle waddled away and vanished into the sea. But some time later, when Ushima was far out at sea in his sampan, the same large turtle swam alongside. To Ushima's great surprise, it then spoke to him. "You are the fisherman who helped me," the turtle said. "Come with me to my father, the King of all undersea creatures."



3. Ushima climbed on the turtle's back and clung tightly to its shell as it plunged down and down to the bottom of the ocean. It was a world of wonderful colour, with coral reefs, waving seaweed and shoals of brightly-coloured fish. Ushima was amazed when he found that he could breathe there.



4. After many miles they arrived at a beautiful palace, carved out of coral and Ushima stepped down from the back of the turtle, which at once disappeared. Then in its place appeared a lovely young girl, who beckoned him to follow her. "Now you will meet my father," she told him.



5. When he went inside the coral palace, Ushima gasped with wonder at the sight of a kingly figure seated upon a throne decorated with shining pearls. The coloured fish swam like an escort of soldiers into the King's presence and two giant lobsters stood around like Royal guardsmen.

6. The young lady spoke to her father. "I have brought the fisherman who saved my life when I was stranded on the beach," she said. "I have chosen him to be my husband." "So be it if you wish, daughter," the King replied, and Ushima bowed to him. Then he and the princess were married.



7. They lived happily under the sea for two years, and then Ushima was anxious to return to land to visit his parents. Before he went the Princess gave him a closed box, but warned him not to open it. Back at his village Ushima was amazed to find that he was no longer known.



8. Nor did anyone know about his parents, but there was one old man who remembered hearing about a young fellow named Ushima, who was drowned at sea—but that happened two hundred years ago! Sadly, Ushima realised that two years under the sea is equal to two hundred on land.



9. Wondering about it all, he sat down and began to open the box. Suddenly he heard the voice of the turtle. "Do not dare open the lid, Ushima," she called out. "If you do, then two hundred years of your life will pass and you will die at once."



10. The warning came just in time to prevent Ushima lifting the lid of the box. Thankful for his escape, he smiled at the turtle Princess. "Now I know that I must leave the land of Japan for ever," he said. Together they plunged down into the depths of the ocean and the King welcomed them to stay there for all time

Next week in Once Upon A Time . . . a delightful story of The Drummer Boy.



The WISE OLD OWL

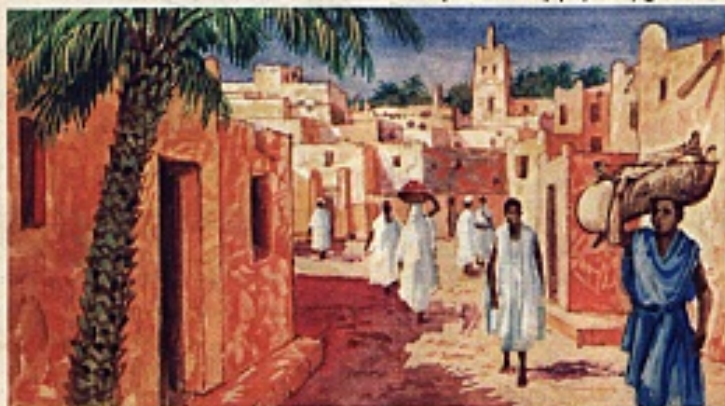
Knows all the answers

Here is the Wise Old Owl again to answer all your puzzling questions.



1. Why do men walking on the moon have to wear spacesuits?

"Because they protect the spacemen from the complete lack of air, freezing cold and burning heat, and strong light rays from the sun. Without one of these suits, a man walking on the moon's surface would die in a matter of minutes. The suits, each costing about a million pounds, have five layers and include two packs that are worn on the back. These packs supply oxygen and water to cool the suit."



2. Is there really such a place as Timbuktoo?

"Yes. In the Republic of Mali, Africa. The name has often been used by people talking of a far-away place. For example, we sometimes say 'as far-away as Timbuktoo'. It is, in fact, a growing town on the edge of the Sahara Desert."



3. What is an otter slide?

"It is a slippery piece of ground made by the otters when they skid down the river banks. Unlike most wild animals, otters do not spend all of their time hunting for food, but love to play family games such as water tag and tobogganing."



4. Was a hornbook made out of horn?

"Partly. A thin layer of horn covered a piece of parchment which was pinned on to a square of wood. It was an early form of school book."



5. Are sea anemones plants or animals?

"They are animals which live in rocky pools around coastal areas. The tendrils around their mouths are beautifully coloured and are used for catching food."